

Sham'd their Aspects with store of childish drops:
These eyes, which neuer shed remorsefull teare,
No, when my Father Yorke, and Edward wept,
To heare the pittious moane that Rutland made
When black-fac'd Clifford shooke his sword at him.
Nor when thy warlike Father like a Childe,
Told the sad storie of my Fathers death,
And twenty times, made pause to sob and weepe:
That all the standers by had wet their cheekes
Like Trees bedash'd with raine. In that sad time,
My manly eyes did scorne an humble teare:
And what these sorrowes could not thence exhale,
Thy Beauty hath, and made them blinde with weeping.
I neuer sued to Friend, nor Enemy:
My Tongue could neuer learne sweet smoothing word.
But now thy Beauty is propos'd my Fee,
My proud heart sues, and prompts my tongue to speake.

She looks scornfully at him.

Teach not thy lip such Scorne; for it was made
For kissing Lady, not for such contempt.
If thy reuengefull heart cannot forgive,
Loe heere I lend thee this sharpe-pointed Sword,
Which if thou please to hide in this true brest,
And let the Soule forth that adareth thee,
I lay it naked to the deadly stroke,
And humbly begge the death vpon my knee.
He layes his brest open she offers at with his sword.
Nay do not pause: For I did kill King Henrie,
But 'twas thy Beauty that prouoked me.
But now dispatch: 'Twas I that stabb'd yong Edward,
But 'twas thy Heauenly face that set me on.

She fals the Sword.

Take vp the Sword againe, or take vp me.
An. Arise Dissembler, though I wish thy death,
I will not be thy Executioner.
Rich. Then bid me kill my selfe, and I will do it.
An. I haue already.
Rich. That was in thy rage:
Speake it againe, and euen with the word,
This hand, which for thy loue, did kill thy Loue,
Shall for thy loue, kill a farre truer Loue,
To both their deaths shalt thou be accessary.
An. I would I knew thy heart.
Rich. 'Tis figur'd in my tongue.
An. I feare me, both are false.
Rich. Then neuer Man was true.
An. Well, well, put vp your Sword.
Rich. Say then my Peace is made.
An. That shalt thou know heereafter.
Rich. But shall I liue in hope.
An. All men I hope liue so.
Vouchsafe to weare this Ring.

Rich. Looke how my Ring incompasseth thy Finger,
Euen so thy Brest incloseth my poore heart:
Weare both of them, for both of them are thine.
And if thy poore deuoted Seruant may
But beg one fauour at thy gracious hand,
Thou dost confirme his happinesse for euer.

An. What is it?

Rich. That it may please you leaue these sad designs,
To him that hath most cause to be a Mourner,
And presently repaire to Crosbie House:
Where (after I haue solemnly interr'd
At Chertsey Monast'ry this Noble King,
And wet his Graue with my Repentant Teares)
I will with all expedient duty see you,

For diuers vnknowne Reasons, I beseech you,
Grant me this Boon.

An. With all my heart, and much it ioyes me too,
To see you are become so penitent.
Tressel and Barkley, go along with me.

Rich. Bid me farewell.

An. 'Tis more then you deserue:
But since you teach me how to flatter you,
Imagine I haue said farewell already.

Exit two with Anne.

Gent. Towards Chertsey, Noble Lord?

Rich. No: to White Friars, there attend my coming.
Exit Gent.

Was euer woman in this humour woo'd?
Was euer woman in this humour wonne?
He haue her, but I will not keepe her long.
What? I that kill'd her Husband, and his Father,
To take her in her hearts extreamest hate,
With curses in her mouth, Teares in her eyes,
The bleeding witness of my hatred by,
Hauing God, her Conscience, and these bars against me,
And I, no Friends to backe my suite withall,
But the plaine Diuell, and dissembling lookes?
And yet to winne her? All the world to nothing,
Hah!
Hath she forgot already that braue Prince,
Edward, her Lord, whom I (some three monthes since)
Stab'd in my angry mood, at Tewkesbury?
A sweeter, and a louelier Gentleman,
Fram'd in the prodigality of Nature:
Yong, Valiant, Wife, and (no doubt) right Royal,
The spacious World cannot againe afford:
And will she yet abase her eyes on me,
That crop't the Golden prime of this sweet Prince,
And made her Widdow to a wofull Bed?
On me, whose All not equals Edwards Moitie?
On me, that halts, and am mishapen thus?
My Dukedome, to a Beggerly denier!
I do mistake my person all this while:
Vpon my life she findes (although I cannot)
My selfe to be a maru'llous proper man.
He be at Charges for a Looking-glasse,
And entertaine a score or two of Taylors,
To study fashions to adorne my body:
Since I am crept in fauour with my selfe,
I will maintaine it with some little cost.
But first He turne yon Fellow in his Graue,
And then returne lamenting to my Loue.
Shine out faire Sunne, till I haue bought a glasse,
That I may see my Shadow as I passe.

exit.

Scena Tertia.

*Enter the Queene Mother, Lord Rivers,
and Lord Gray.*

Riv. Haue patience Madam, ther's no doubt his Maiesty
Will soone recouer his accustom'd health.

Gray. In that you brooke it ill, it makes him worse,
Therefore for Gods sake entertaine good comfort,
And cheere his Grace with quicke and merry eyes.

Qu. If he were dead, what would betide on me?

Gray.

If he were dead, what would betide on me?
Gray. No other harme, but losse of such a Lord.
Qu. The losse of such a Lord, includes all harmes.
Gray. The Heauens haue blest you with a goodly Son,
To be your Comforter, when he is gone.
Qu. Ah! he is yong; and his minority
Is put vnto the trust of Richard Gloucester,
A man that loues not me, nor none of you.
Tiss. Is it concluded he shall be Protector?
Qu. It is determin'd, not concluded yet:
But so it must be, if the King miscarry.

Enter Buckingham and Derby.

Gray. Here comes the Lord of Buckingham & Derby.
Buc. Good time of day vnto your Royall Grace.
Der. God make your Maiesty ioyful, as you haue bin
Qu. The Countesse Richmond, good my Lord of Derby.
To your good prayer, will I scarily say, Amen.
Yet Derby, notwithstanding shee's your wife,
And loues not me, be you good Lord assur'd,
I hate not you for her proud arrogance.
Der. I do beseech you, either not beleue
The enuious slanders of her false Accusers:
Or if she be accus'd on true report,
Beare with her weaknesse, which I thinke proceeds
From wayward sicknesse, and no grounded malice.
Qu. Saw you the King to day my Lord of Derby?
Der. But now the Duke of Buckingham and I,
Are come from visiting his Maiesty.
Qu. What likelyhood of his amendment Lords.
Buc. Madam good hope, his Grace speaks chearfully.
Qu. God grant him health, did you confer with him?
Buc. I Madam, he desires to make attonement;
Betwene the Duke of Gloucester, and your Brothers,
And betwene them, and my Lord Chamberlaine,
And sent to warne them to his Royall presence.
Qu. Would all were well, but that will neuer be,
I feare our happinesse is at the height.

Enter Richard.

Rich. They do me wrong, and I will not indure it,
Who is it that complains vnto the King,
That I (forsooth) am sterne, and loue them not?
By holy Paul, they loue his Grace but lightly,
That fill his eares with such dissentious Rumors.
Because I cannot flatter, and looke faire,
Smile in mens faces, smooth, deceiue, and cogge,
Ducke with French nods, and Apish curtesie,
I must be held a rancorous Enemy.
Cannot a plaine man liue, and thinke no harme,
But thus his simple truth must be abus'd,
With sliken, flye, insinuating Iackes?

Gray. To who in all this preference speaks your Grace?
Rich. To thee, that hast nor Honesty, nor Grace:
When haue I iniur'd thee? When done thee wrong?
Or thee? or thee? or any of your Faction?
A plague vpon you all. His Royall Grace
(Whom God preferue better then you would wish)
Cannot be quiet scarce a breathing while,
But you must trouble him with lewd complaints.
Qu. Brother of Gloucester, you mistake the matter:
The King on his owne Royall disposition,
(And not prouok'd by any Sutor else)
Ayming (belike) at your interiour hatred,

That in your
Against my
Makes him

Rich. I
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And Edward
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Then his, or